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DOCTOR WHO

Ripper's Curse

Part 1 of 3

Written by Tommy Lee

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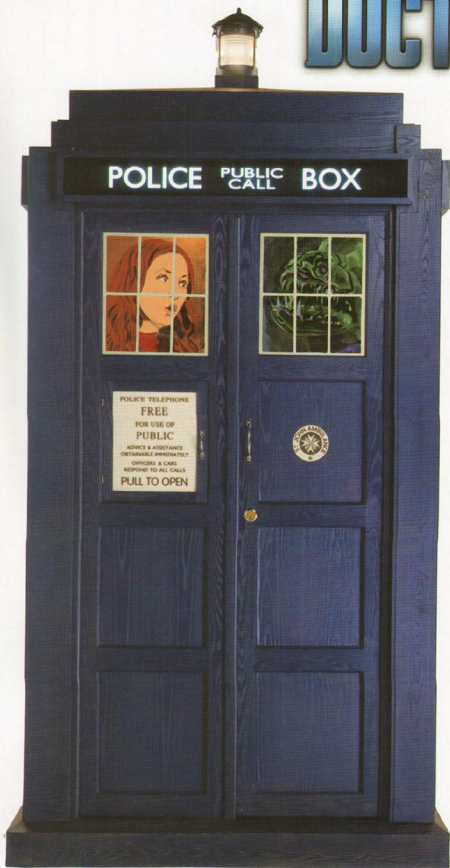
and Tim Hamilton (pg. 22)

Colors by Phil Elliott

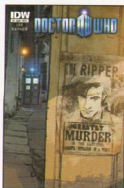
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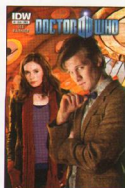
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Cover B
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Art by Ben Templesmith



The story of the Doctor...

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only by his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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WHITECHAPEL, LONDON.
30 SEPTEMBER 1888.
12:30 A.M.

OH,
LIZ, YOU ARE
A CHARACTER!
LET'S 'AVE A
SING SONG!

NO, JOSIE, I
THINK WE'VE 'AD ENOUGH
SINGING—AND ENOUGH
GIN DRINKING FOR
YOU TONIGHT!

YOU OUGHTTA
GET GOIN' BACK
TO BED!



'OLD ON,
LONG LIZ, LOOKS
LIKE YOU 'AVE AN
ADMIRER!



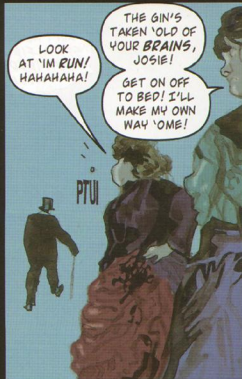
OI, MATE! 'OW
ABOUT ESCORTING TWO
FINE YOUNG LADIES
BACK TO THEIR ESTAB—
ESTABLISH—

—WHERE
THEY LIVE?



LOOK
AT 'IM RUN!
HAHAHAHA!

THE GIN'S
TAKEN 'OLD OF
YOUR BRAINS,
JOSIE!
GET ON OFF
TO BED! I'LL
MAKE MY OWN
WAY 'OME!



WHEN
FIRST THEY COME
COURTING, HOW NICE
THEY BEHAVE...

...FOR A SMILE
OR A KISS, HOW
HUMBLY THEY
CRAVE...



I'D WALK
YOU HOME—IF
YOU'D PERMIT
ME, MA'AM.

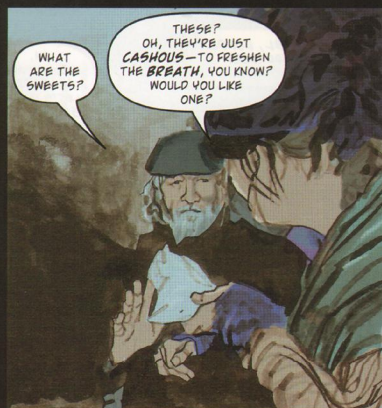




BERNER STREET.
12:45 A.M.

THIS IS
MOST KIND OF YOU.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO REPAY
YOU?

NO,
NO. THAT'S
PERFECTLY
FINE.



WHAT
ARE THE
SWEETS?

THESE?
OH, THEY'RE JUST
CASHOUS - TO FRESHEN
THE BREATH, YOU KNOW?
WOULD YOU LIKE
ONE?



O! THIS
AIN'T NO SHORTCUT TO
SPITALFIELDS! THIS IS
DUTFIELD'S YARD -
A DEAD END!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
'ERE?

MY
APOLOGIES.
WE MUST HAVE
TAKEN A
WRONG TURN.



ARE YOU
SURE? PERHAPS
YOU JUST WANTED
TO BE ALONE
WITH ME, EH?

AND YOU
PURPORTING TO BE
A GENTLEMAN
AND ALL!

NO, IT'S NOT
THAT. ALTHOUGH
I DID WANT TO BE
ALONE WITH
YOU...



...BUT ONLY
TO DO THIS.

PSST



I... I CAN'T
MOVE! I CAN'T
FEEL MY LEGS!
OR MY FINGERS!

YOU WON'T FEEL
ANYTHING BENEATH
THE NECK, MY DEAR. THE
NERVE PARALYTIC I'VE
GIVEN YOU WILL KEEP YOU
MOTIONLESS FOR A
GOOD FEW HOURS...



...ALTHOUGH
YOU DON'T REALLY
HAVE THAT LONG,
I'M AFRAID.



ARE YOU
SCARED? GOOD. BE
SCARED. I WANT
YOU SCARED.

I WANT THOSE
LOVELY, TASTY
PHEROMONES AND
MINERALS THAT YOUR
KIDNEYS ARE CURRENTLY
CREATING TO COME
OUT AND PLAY.

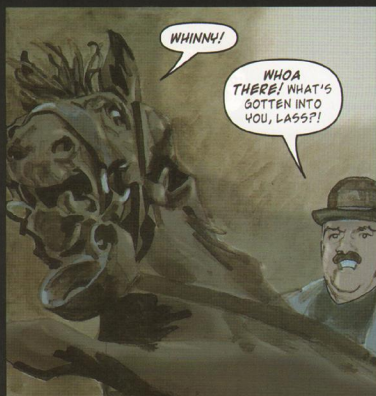


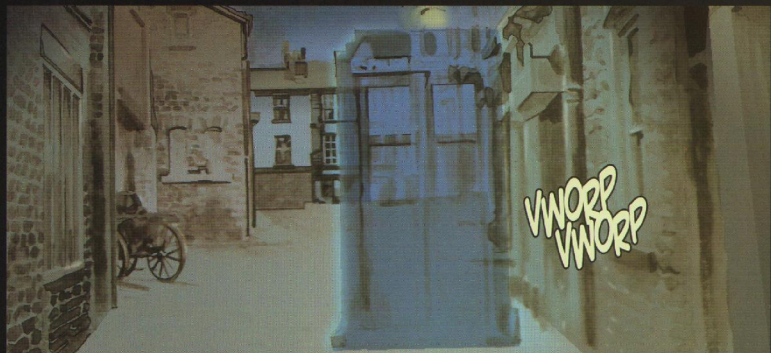
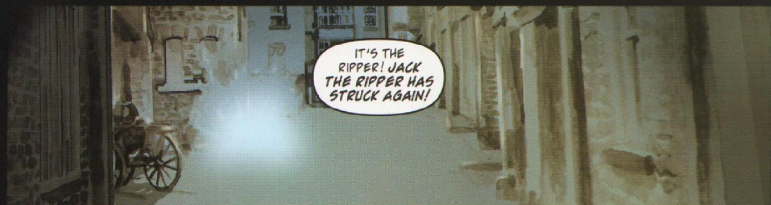
WHU—
WHAT WILL
YOU DUH—DO
TO ME?

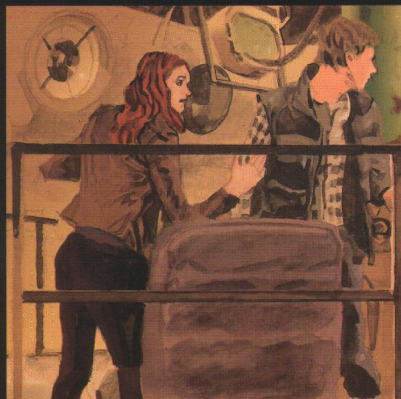
OH, LET'S
JUST LEAVE IT
AS I'M 'HAVING
DINNER'—



—AND I LIKE
TO PLAY WITH
MY FOOD.

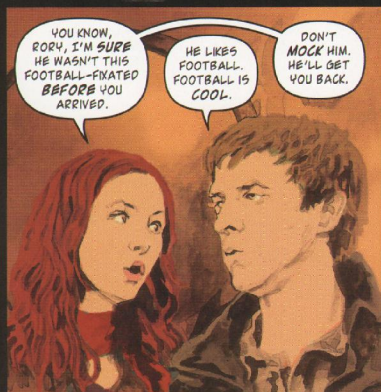






SEPTEMBER
1888! THE START
OF THE FOOTBALL
LEAGUE!

TEAMS WITH NAMES
LIKE ACCRINGTON STANLEY,
BEGINNING WHAT BECOMES
A NATIONAL PASTIME!



YOU KNOW,
RORY, I'M SURE
HE WASN'T THIS
FOOTBALL-FIXATED
BEFORE YOU
ARRIVED.

HE LIKES
FOOTBALL.
FOOTBALL IS
COOL.

DON'T
MOCK HIM.
HE'LL GET
YOU BACK.



UM, IS THAT
SUPPOSED TO
HAPPEN, DOCTOR?
YOU KNOW, THE LIGHT
FLASHING AND
ALL THAT?

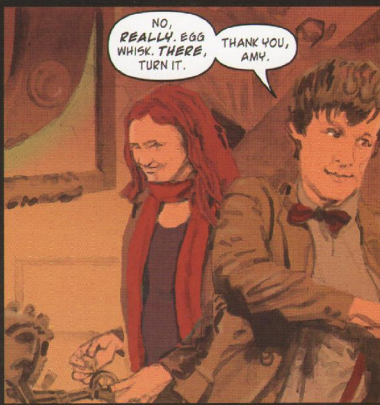


SHE'S
STILL PLAYING
UP SINCE ALL THAT
HOLOGRAPHIC
SPAM LEFT
HER.

USE
THE EGG
WHISK.

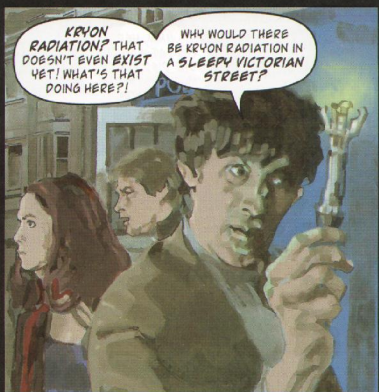
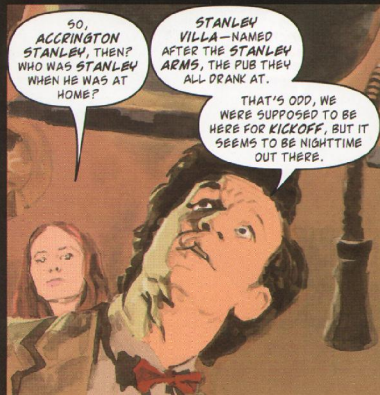
USE THE
EGG WHISK.
RIGHT ...

BAM



NO,
REALLY. EGG
WHISK. THERE,
TURN IT.

THANK YOU,
AMY.





SORRY, SIR,
GONNA HAVE TO STOP
YOU THERE. THERE'S
BEEN AN INCIDENT.

I CAN TELL
THAT. ALL THE
RUNNING AROUND
REALLY GIVES
IT AWAY.

HELLO,
I'M THE
DOCTOR.



O! SAVS
HE'S THE DOCTOR.
SHOULD I LET HIM
THROUGH?

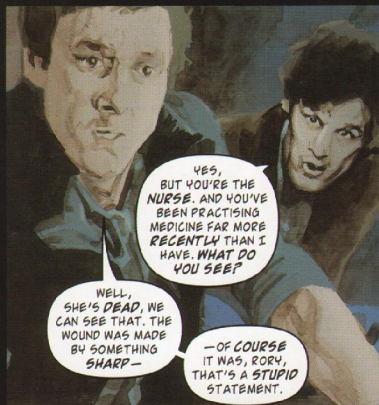
I DON'T SEE
WHAT **GOOD** HE'LL
BE, BUT I DON'T
SEE WHAT HARM
IT CAN DO!



HMM. HER
THROAT WAS CUT.
SHE DIED PRETTY
MUCH INSTANTLY,
I RECKON.

WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
RORY?

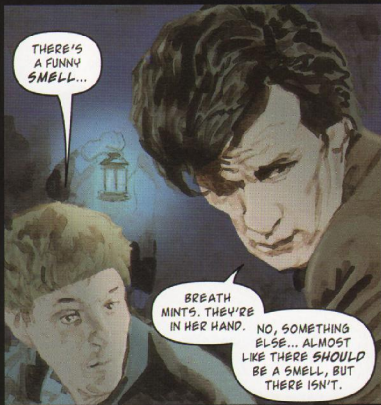
UM, **WHY**
ARE YOU ASKING
ME? YOU'RE THE
DOCTOR HERE!



YES,
BUT YOU'RE THE
NURSE. AND YOU'VE
BEEN PRACTISING
MEDICINE FAR MORE
RECENTLY THAN I
HAVE. WHAT DO
YOU SEE?

WELL,
SHE'S DEAD, WE
CAN SEE THAT. THE
WOUND WAS MADE
BY SOMETHING
SHARP—

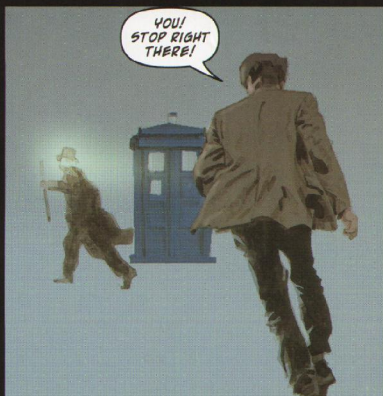
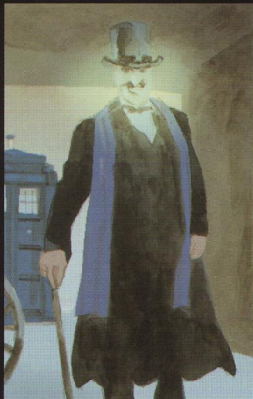
—OF COURSE
IT WAS, RORY,
THAT'S A STUPID
STATEMENT.

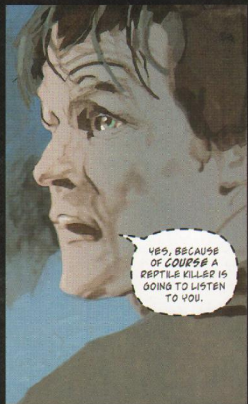
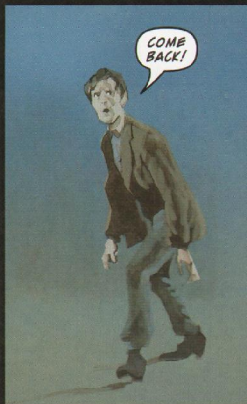
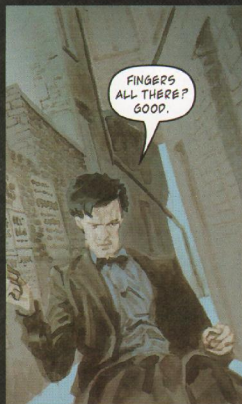


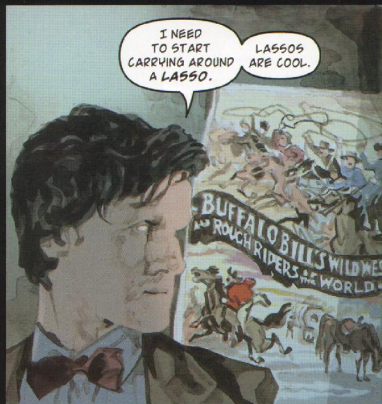
THERE'S
A FUNNY
SMELL...

BREATH
MINTS. THEY'RE
IN HER HAND.

NO, SOMETHING
ELSE... ALMOST
LIKE THERE **SHOULD**
BE A SMELL, BUT
THERE ISN'T.

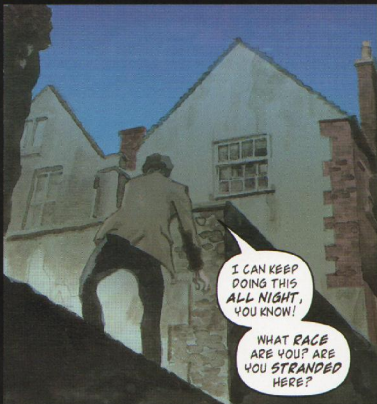






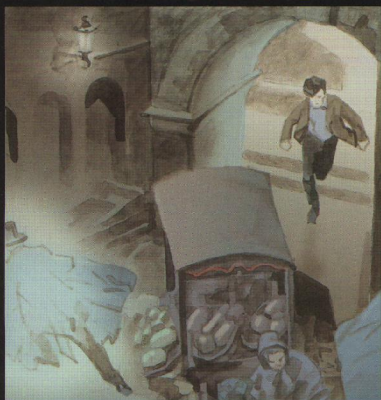
I NEED
TO START
CARRYING AROUND
A LASSO.

LAZZOS
ARE COOL.



I CAN KEEP
DOING THIS
ALL NIGHT,
YOU KNOW!

WHAT RACE
ARE YOU? ARE
YOU STRANDED
HERE?

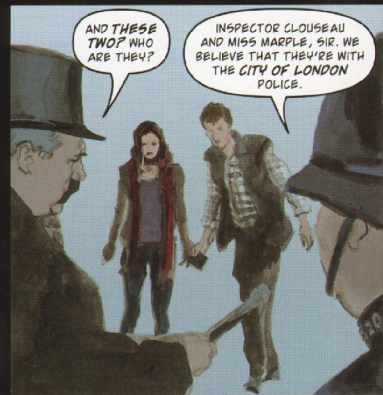
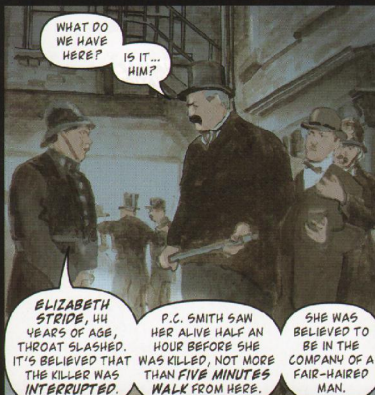


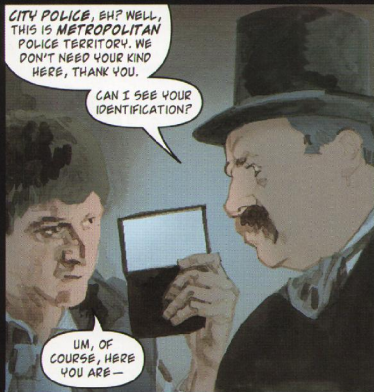
OH, COME
ON! THERE'S NO
WAY YOU COULD
HAVE ESCAPED
THAT QUICKLY!



A REPTILE IN A
SHIMMER SUIT. A
SHAPE CHANGER. A
HALLUCINATION.

WHAT
WERE YOU?

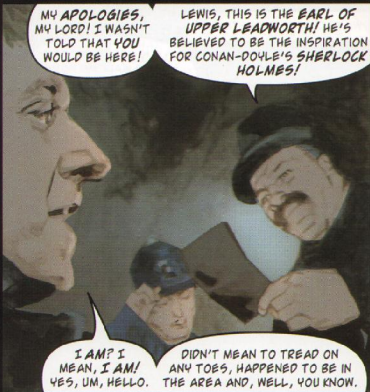




CITY POLICE, EH? WELL, THIS IS METROPOLITAN POLICE TERRITORY. WE DON'T NEED YOUR KIND HERE, THANK YOU.

CAN I SEE YOUR IDENTIFICATION?

UM, OF COURSE, HERE YOU ARE—



MY APOLOGIES, MY LORD! I WASN'T TOLD THAT YOU WOULD BE HERE!

LEWIS, THIS IS THE EARL OF UPPER LEADWORTH! HE'S BELIEVED TO BE THE INSPIRATION FOR CONAN-DOYLE'S SHERLOCK HOLMES!

I AM? I MEAN, I AM! YES, UM, HELLO.

DIDN'T MEAN TO TREAD ON ANY TOES, HAPPENED TO BE IN THE AREA AND, WELL, YOU KNOW.



THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, MISS, UM, MARPLE.

OF COURSE! JACK THE RIPPER! I REMEMBER THIS AT SCHOOL! LIZZIE STRIDE...

...THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE DOUBLE MURDER!

SHE'S, UM, A BIT DISTRACTED AT THE MOMENT—

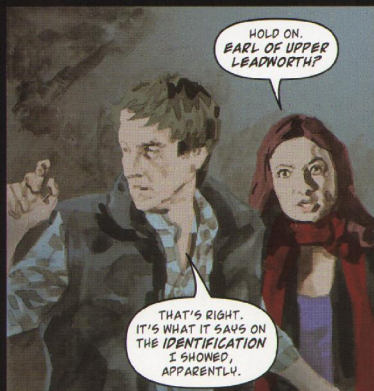


IT WAS 45 MINUTES LATER WHEN THE SECOND BODY WAS FOUND—MITRE SQUARE! WE CAN STILL SAVE HER!

YOU! HOW DO I GET TO MITRE SQUARE FROM HERE?

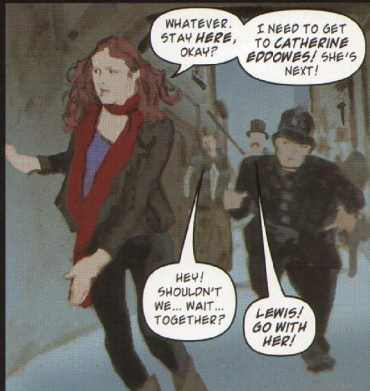
WELL, WALK UP TO COMMERCIAL ROAD AND THEN LEFT DOWN TO WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET! LEFT AGAIN FOR ABOUT THREE MINUTES, AND IT'S ON THE RIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'SAVE HER'? SAVE WHO?



HOLD ON. EARL OF UPPER LEADWORTH?

THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THE IDENTIFICATION I SHOWED, APPARENTLY.



WHATEVER. STAY HERE, OKAY?

I NEED TO GET TO CATHERINE EDDOWES! SHE'S NEXT!

HEY! SHOULDN'T WE... WAIT... TOGETHER?

LEWIS! GO WITH HER!

WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET.

IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO WALK ME HOME! SOME OF THE MEN YOU MEET AT NIGHT ARE QUITE THE OPPOSITE, YOU KNOW!

IT'S A PLEASURE, MA'AM.

WHOOOPS! HAAAA! I'M A MITE UNSTEADY TONIGHT!

THEY ONLY LET ME OUT OF THE DRUNK TANK 30 MINUTES AGO!

THEN LET US FIND YOU A PLACE TO SIT DOWN, MISS EDDOWES.

SOMewhere NICE AND QUIET, LIKE.

THAT WOULD BE... VERY NICE, MISTER...

...WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS AGAIN?

JACK.

AH, MY SAUCY JACK...

AAAAAAAAAAAA

MITRE SQUARE

DUTFIELD YARD.

AHA!
THERE YOU
ARE!

CLOUSEAU?
THAT'S A
NORMANDY
NAME, ISN'T
IT?

ALTHOUGH
YOUR APPEARANCE
HAS A LOT OF ENGLISH
CHARACTERISTICS WITHIN.
YOUR MOTHER'S SIDE,
PERHAPS?

INSPECTOR
CLOUSEAU, MEET
INSPECTOR ABBERLINE—
ONE OF THE FINEST MINDS
AT SCOTLAND YARD!

EXACTLY!
HE'S ACTUALLY THE
EARL OF UPPER
LEADWORTH!

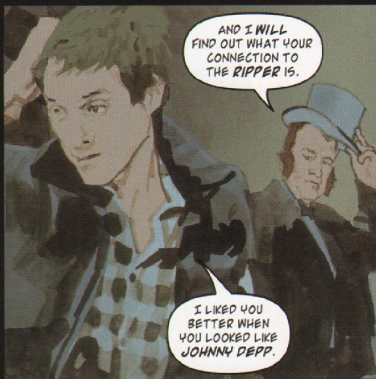
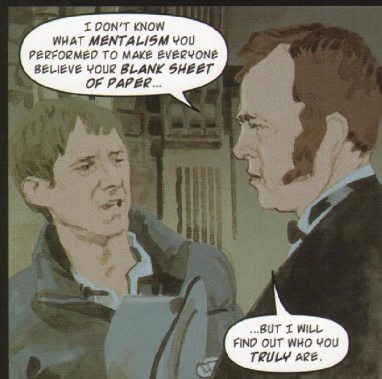
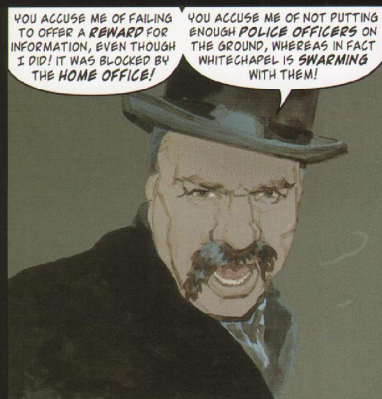
YES, IT SAYS
SO RIGHT HERE.
THINGAMIE OF
UPPER LEADWORTH.
APPARENTLY.

IS THIS SOME
KIND OF JOKE?
THIS IS NOTHING
BUT BLANK
PAPER!

AND
SERIOUSLY?
A BRITISH EARL
THAT'S CALLED
CLOUSEAU?
UNHEARD
OF, SIR!

HAH! YOU AND
YOUR JOKES,
FREDERICK!

ENOUGH TIME FOR
THOSE LATER, RIGHT NOW
IT'S YOUR ANALYTICAL
MIND I NEED! COME
ON, CLOUSEAU!

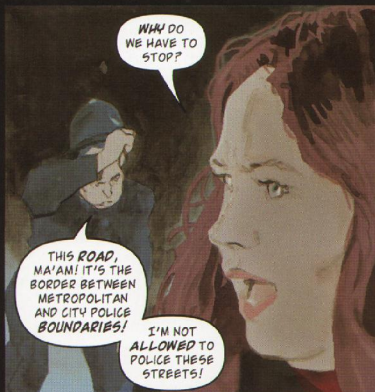




WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET.

COME ON!
THE CLOCK SAYS
IT'S ALMOST
TIME!

TIME FOR
WHAT? LOOK,
MA'AM, WE HAVE
TO STOP!



WHY DO
WE HAVE TO
STOP?

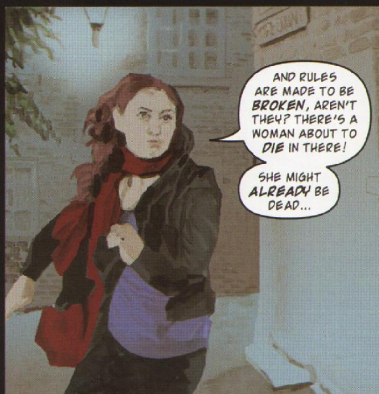
THIS ROAD,
MA'AM! IT'S THE
BORDER BETWEEN
METROPOLITAN
AND CITY POLICE
BOUNDARIES!

I'M NOT
ALLOWED TO
POLICE THESE
STREETS!



YOU'RE NOT
'POLICING THE
STREET'! YOU'RE
STOPPING A
MURDER!

I KNOW,
MA'AM, BUT I
COULD GET INTO
TROUBLE! THERE
ARE RULES!



AND RULES
ARE MADE TO BE
BROKEN, AREN'T
THEY? THERE'S A
WOMAN ABOUT TO
DIE IN THERE!

SHE MIGHT
ALREADY BE
DEAD...



...AND I
INTEND TO—

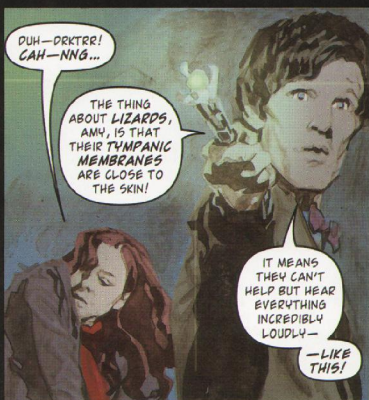
—OH.





LUCKILY,
MY TIMING IS
EXCEPTIONAL!

DON'T MIND
ME, PASSING
THROUGH!



DUH—DEKTRR!
CAH—NNG...

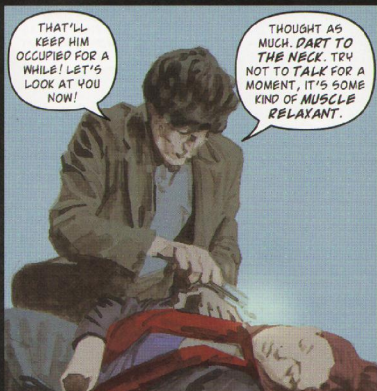
THE THING
ABOUT LIZARDS,
ANY, IS THAT
THEIR TYMPANIC
MEMBRANES
ARE CLOSE TO
THE SKIN!

IT MEANS
THEY CAN'T
HELP BUT HEAR
EVERYTHING
INCREDIBLY
LOUDLY—

—LIKE
THIS!

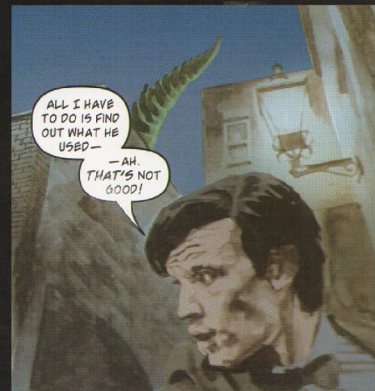


ARGHHHH!



THAT'LL
KEEP HIM
OCCUPIED FOR A
WHILE! LET'S
LOOK AT YOU
NOW!

THOUGHT AS
MUCH. DART TO
THE NECK. TRY
NOT TO TALK FOR A
MOMENT, IT'S SOME
KIND OF MUSCLE
RELAXANT.



ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS FIND
OUT WHAT HE
USED—

—AH.
THAT'S NOT
GOOD!



MISS
MARPLE! GOOD
NEWS! I FOUND
THE LOCAL CITY
POLICEMAN!

HE'S
GIVEN ME HIS
PERMISSION TO
ENTER THE —



—IT'S
THE RIPPER!
STOP HIM!

WHAT?
NO! IT'S NOT
WHAT IT LOOKS
LIKE —



—SHNF—

WHAM



HE SAID
HE WAS A
DOCTOR! WE
SHOULD HAVE
GUESSED!

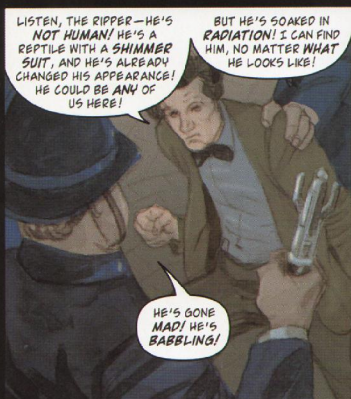


IS THIS
YOUR WEAPON?
IS THIS YOUR
BLADE?
WERE YOU
GOING TO KILL
MISS MARPLE THE
SAME WAY AS
THE OTHERS?

MISS
WHO? PLEASE,
CAN SOMEONE
CHECK ON AMY? THE
PARALYSIS SHOULD
BE WEARING OFF
BY NOW!



SHE'S DEAD
ALL RIGHT. IT WAS
A MONSTER THAT
DID THIS!



LISTEN, THE RIPPER—HE'S NOT HUMAN! HE'S A REPTILE WITH A SHIMMER SUIT, AND HE'S ALREADY CHANGED HIS APPEARANCE! HE COULD BE ANY OF US HERE!

BUT HE'S SOAKED IN RADIATION! I CAN FIND HIM, NO MATTER WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

HE'S GONE MAD! HE'S BABBLING!



HE DIDN'T DO THIS! HE SAVED ME! SOMETHING ELSE KILLED CATHERINE EDDOWES!

AND HOW DID YOU KNOW OF MISS EDDOWES, EH? I MEAN, ONE MINUTE YOU'RE STANDING IN DUTFIELD'S YARD...

...AND THEN THE NEXT YOU'RE RUNNING HERE, SCREAMING THAT YOU HAD TO SAVE HER! YOU KNEW THAT SHE WAS HIS NEXT VICTIM, DIDN'T YOU?!



LOOK, MISS MARPLE, WE SAW EVERYTHING. HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU!

HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU LIKE HE DID THE OTHERS! HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO YOU, HURT YOU—

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT! I... I CAN'T EXPLAIN HOW I KNEW...



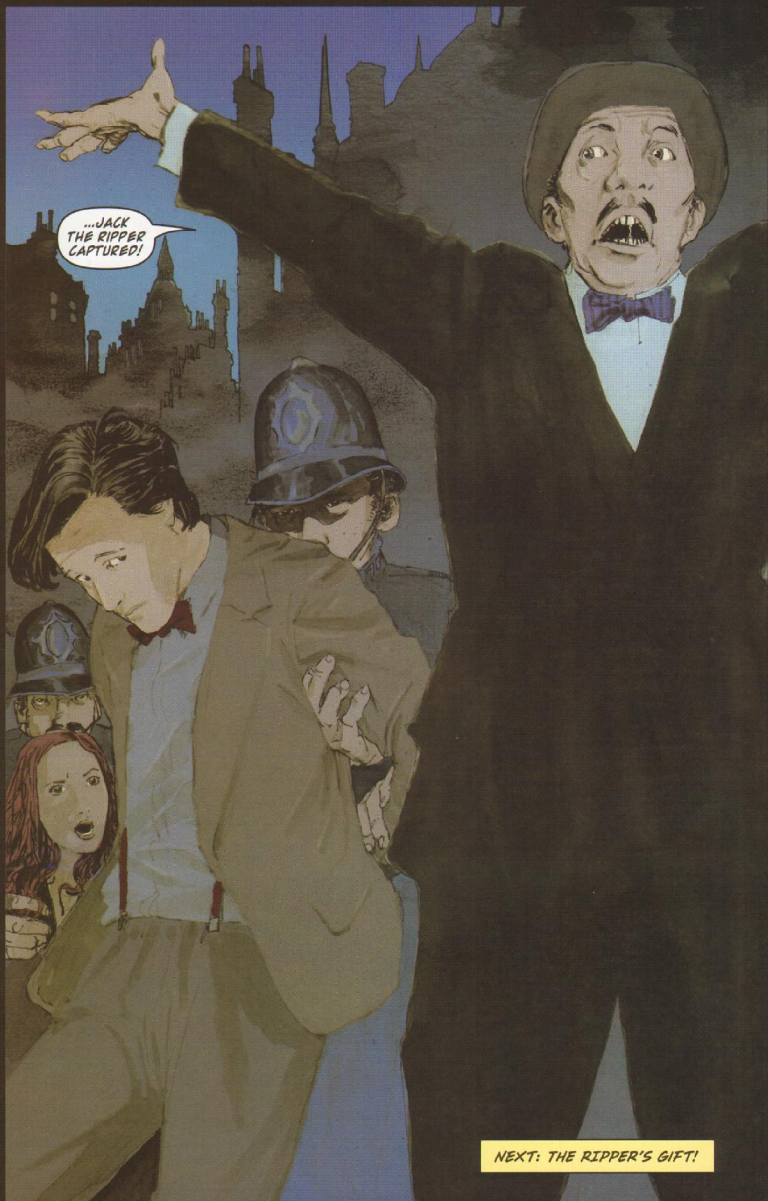
DOCTOR! YOU CAN'T GIVE UP! HE'S STILL OUT THERE!

COME ON! GET BACK!



I KNEW IT! THE RIPPER STRUCK TWICE. JUST LIKE SHE SAID HE WOULD!

WHAT A SCOOP! TOMORROW'S FRONT-PAGE NEWS...



NEXT: THE RIPPER'S GIFT!

DOCTOR WHO

IDW AND BBC PROUDLY PRESENT THE ADVENTURES OF THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR'S NOTES: DIAGNOSIS & SECOND OPINIONS

Welcome back to *Doctor's Notes*, where we take a look at readers' diagnosis and second opinions.

As we go to press with this second issue, the debut installment just hit stores. So we only have a small sampling from around the Internet:

Ryan Britt for Tor.com

"As a science fictional send-up of contemporary internet culture, this story totally succeeds... The plot seemed a little low-stakes, as many of the characters were in situations that either weren't real, or easily fixed. However, the dialog and pacing were thoroughly enjoyable. ... All in all, as stand-alone story for a new ongoing *Who* comic, things look promising."

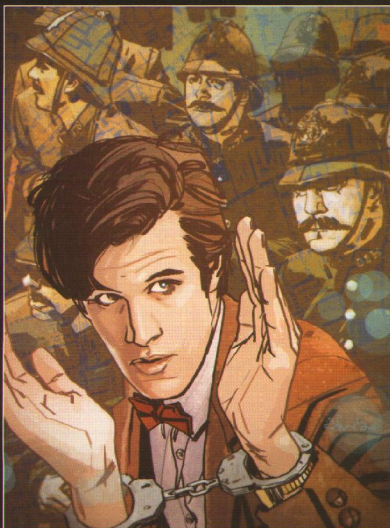
Ray Tate for Comics Bulletin

"Writer Tony Lee exhibits mastery over mimicking Matt Smith's performance as the freshly minted Eleventh Doctor. ... Artist Andrew Currie is remarkable. Not only does he imbue the cast's spitting images to the characters, he also adds a flourish of fun."

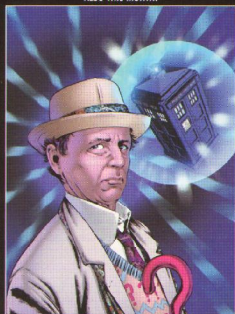
Join us next month for part two of "Ripper's Curse," with artist **Tim Hamilton** (*Fahrenheit 451*).

—Denton J. Tipton

COMING IN MARCH:



ALSO THIS MONTH:



DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS: THE SEVENTH DOCTOR #1

COMING IN MARCH:



DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS: THE SEVENTH DOCTOR #2

COMING IN APRIL:



DOCTOR WHO: A FAIRYTALE LIFE #1